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BRADLEY: HIS BOOK

Vol. L AUGUST, 1896. No. 4

A SONG OF HIGH SUMMER EUGENE R. WHITE



HERE'S a stir among the heart-strings like a bee within the clover—
Sound of blossoms bubbling over !
Chanting in melodious
rune

The orchestrated murmurs of a field advance at noon.

Catch the cadence from the corn-field,
catch the lilt that day is dancing,—
Pennoned Summer-hosts advancing
Led by August, ripe and riant ;
While the tiger-lily's trumpet sounds its
burning call defiant.

And adown through each life's garden,
through the aisles and through the arches
Jocund love, with laughing, marches.
Rich the rondure of her reign !
Fellowcraft of heart and harvest falls to
worship in her train !

UNIVERSAL LOVE OF ART AMONG THE JAPANESE *

ID you ever read : *La Mare au Diable* ? If so, you must have been struck with the painfully true pen picture of the unceasing toil of the French peasantry, and you must have asked of yourself the question : What is there in such a life to induce a human being to continue its existence ?

This thought has often occupied me when passing the tillers of the soil engaged in their daily occupation in Japan. The sun has scarcely made its appearance on the eastern horizon, when the peasant and his family, females not excepted, issue forth to their tiny fields, where every inch of soil is made to yield to the utmost capacity. The kimono, (gown, used by

ACT 1. SCENE I. A hill outside of the town—harbor and ships seen through the trees in the distance. * Enter townspeople singing dolefully.

